

Lincoln County Leader.

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Saturday, October 20, 1892.

REGULAR PEOPLE'S TICKET.

For Delegate in Congress,
TRANQUILINO LUNA,
Of Valencia County.

For the Council,
D. M. EASTON,
JOHN A. MILLER.

For Representatives,
FLORENCIO GONZALES,
NICHOLAS GAYLES.

For Sheriff,
JAMES A. TOMLINSON.

For Probate Judge,
WILL DOWLIN.

For Probate Clerk,
SAMUEL R. CORBET.

For Treasurer,
ARCADIO SAIS.

For County Commissioners,
JOSE MONTANO,
E. T. STONE,
ANDREW WILSON.

For School Commissioners,
JABEZ HEDGES,
GEO. L. ULRICK,
FRANCISCO ROMERO Y LUCAS.

Be sure and register or you will not be allowed to vote.

The men on the Regular ticket are in the main superior to their opponents in every respect.

Hildreth, by his report of the Mesilla Short-horn convention proves himself the boss Bull-whacker of three counties.

Those who are acquainted with the early life of the Hon. (H) Hildreth Chavez, candidate for county Treasurer on the dry-washer ticket, covered up his identity under a nice new name on coming to New Mexico.

A son of President Arthur, "matriculated" at Princeton college last week. By consulting our lexicographical vocabulary we find it means, he either joined a boxing club, got vaccinated or registered as a voter.

The Cabinet makers are again at work setting up pins for the President to knock down. This time it is Senator Jones, of Nevada, to take the place of Secretary Folger who has engaged in a three cornered fight for the Governorship of New York.

Post trader DeLaney, the bunion on the government membrane down at Fort Stanton, is as mad as a hen ("taramula") because we accused him of running the dry-washer machine on the old fashioned boss style instead of the new process plan.

The Congressional delegation in Ohio will stand thirteen Democrats and eight Republicans, instead of fourteen Republicans and seven Democrats as at present. The voters came in on "schooners" this time and everlastingly whooped 'em up.

The Lake Valley Devil won the Leader's Exchange race—free to all—by rounding the point and coming in about six lengths ahead early Sunday morning, and distancing all competitors. The Herald is a square, trine-built clipper with all new canvas. May she have fair winds and a long and pleasant cruise.

Cockeril who killed Slayback at St. Louis last week was indicted the 18th inst., for murder in the second degree and placed under \$10,000 bond. It was not an old style affair of "honah." He did not give his victim a chance to Slayback but dropped him on sight in true frontier fashion.

THE SWORD OF DEMOCLES

Has Fallen! Has Fallen!

Has Pitilessly Fallen.

The Graded Victim Writes in Moral Agency!

NOT MUCH MARYANN.

The Combined Intellests of Three Counties Assembled at the Little Government Grocery at Fort Stanton, and were Gleaned for Three Days in Secret Conclave.

Where they labored and sweat—and ground and sowed in a bad latrine to crush fate Eastern and finally brought forth a Sage-foal which the Name was a Billy-foal.

With more Hair than Meat for the Political CORMORANTS of the District to Feast Upon.

Post Trader DeLaney, that Wad on the Head of the Government and an Excessance on the Body Politic, Contents to a Vicarious Atrocity and is Offered Up.

But the Smoke of the Sacrifice Offends the Nostrils Even of Fountain the High Priest.

Their Big Gun was Loaded with Wool and the Shot Fell Like a Wet Market.

About two months ago there was a vague, undefined rumor floating in the quiet atmosphere of developments about to be made which would split the political horizon wide open and let down a new revelation. This was none other than the indictment of the Hon. D. M. Easton for official crookedness and black-mail.

Those who claimed free access to the most pliant ear of High Sachem Lea and his Young-man-looking-for-promotion, who thinks he is running the Foghorn end of the machine at White Oaks, made stinging efforts to allay the excitement and hush the matter up, with commendable success. Soon after this the High-Cockalorum of all the Dry-washers, called a council of his head chiefs, caliphs, pashas and eaziques, at the wig-wam down at Fort Stanton and held a pow-wow. It was then discovered that the only man implicated to any alarming or criminal extent was an obscure and irresponsible party known as DeLaney. Sachem Lea and his prodigy, Garrett, thought it would be too bad to sacrifice one who was so useful and pliant in furthering schemes to get the tribe into public places, and were willing to let the matter drop. But some of the lesser chiefs thought there ought to be something done to keep up a show of courage and harass Dave Easton; in fact, they being without notoriety, had everything to gain and nothing to lose. Cooler counsel finally prevailed, and the letters and telegrams were remanded back to their dark hole never more to be aired during the campaign. The world breathed easier; the calamity was averted. But was to the previousness and irony of all human expectations! It so happened that this kind of docility did not accord with the warlike spirit of Fountain and Bull, the big bovines of Dona Ana county, and so they again assembled the big and the little bosses around the council fires at the Fort last week and declared for war. The first shot was fired from the Foghorn Thursday morning by the little chief Hunting-for-his-chuck.

To fly lower and come down to business: Fountain who has set up all the pins in his own county as usual, went hunting around for other fields in which to exercise his talent as a machine organizer, cast his eye on Lincoln county, and not liking the inebriate way things were running here, came over and summoned the Pecos Boss and his prodigy, Sam Terrell, Blake and Helping-time to meet him at DeLaney's. After the little leaders of Lincoln county had gathered around the big mule of Mesilla, he proceeded to map out the campaign in a way that at once excited the admiration of the Pecos statesman

remembering his own vigorous style of beginning it at Lincoln on the head of W. M. Roberts. He then dictated the policy to be pursued from this time on, the very foremost of which was the crucifixion of DeLaney and in order to make war on Easton. He then compiled and wrote out DeLaney's correspondence for publication in the Foghorn, and, upon the man at the wheel remarking that, "if he published it he would be compelled to wear two revolvers strung around him when walking the streets of White Oaks," replied that "it was too late to weaken," he must either blow or give up the horn. After some further instructions in regard to the course to be pursued, this born leader of the Bosses departed for his own vineyard, leaving the Lincoln county managers nothing to do but to carry out the programme laid down. This explains why the local managers have committed political harf kari through a late publication in their organ.

The Sonora railroad is now within fifteen miles of the Arizona border.

The Foghorn end of the machine this week only gives us a lick and a promise, and we now hang on the ragged edge with fear and trembling.

Pat Garrett has a full crop of the mumps—that is to say, on both sides. This has no reference to the swelled head in its literal significance, but is "straight-goods."

The Republicans of Santa Fe county have nominated T. B. Carron for Councilman, J. L. Jenks and Librado Valencia for the House, Celestino Ortiz for Sheriff, and W. H. Manderfield for Probate Judge.

The Business manager of the Leader started for Lincoln last Sunday in a Democrat wagon, but the concern went square back on him, and he has been all broken up ever since. That comes of keeping bad company.

Oscar Wilde has just compromised a breach of promise suit for \$100. He promised to shake his Undine tresses before the Y. M. C. A. up in a little town near the borders of Maine, but failed to materialize and the good Christians up there got mad.

The New York Graphic prints pictures of "the great diamonds of the world." There are about thirty of these precious stones, and the most surprising thing about them is the fact that not a single one of them is owned by an editor. Newspaper men never did care much for jewelry.

We feel truly sorrowful for Col. Blake and Sam Terrell, after learning the humiliating position in which the leaders of the dry-washer movement have placed them. Like a hook up of blind horses on an amara, they cannot tell whether they are grinding mud or mineral. We can see no help for them unless they kick out of the logs.

What has become of our distinguished visitor who is running for sheriff on the opposition ticket? Has he returned to his own state as suddenly as he came, or is he yet only in a state of incubation? Lay low, there is a hen on.

LATER.—Since writing the above he has hatched out and put in an appearance, full-fledged and ready to catch the early vote.

The efforts of the gangue reformers to implicate Will Dowlin, our candidate for Probate Judge in any questionable transactions with DeLaney and the county warrant business, is apt to fall about as far short of the mark as the latter is of reaching Heaven. In "Confessions of a Briber," (see this week's Foghorn), the confessor there states that Dowlin's property was at this time all in the hands of his assignee. Thus Mr. Dowlin could not have had any of the warrants in his possession. It is strange that when a fellow gets the small pox he always wants everybody else to have the measles.

THAT BRIBERY CASE.

And the Meat There is In It.

The attack that the opposition managers are making on J. D. M. Easton at the dictation of the Mesilla Ring is one that was discussed and abandoned over a month ago, because it would uncover certain unsavory transactions implicating some of their own members. They first intended to institute a bribery suit to defeat Easton, but in this, as in all business transactions, it takes two to make a bargain, and there cannot be a bribe taker without a bribe first offered, and the Lord letter of the law holds each equally criminal. In this case the one who offered the bribe—if there ever was any bribe offered or accepted—was Post Trader DeLaney, one of the leading lights in this, so-called, peoples' movement. His own criminal confessions—wring from his guilty soul by the Dona Ana County Inquisitor, and published to the world—show this. How does the matter stand?

An enormous debt had been created for the county—let it be by bad management or otherwise. The county was in honor bound to pay this debt. Warrants had been issued to meet the running expenses of legitimate business. The courts had to be held in order to punish crime and decide points of law. Records had to be kept and such other business transacted as was necessary to protect our citizens from outrage. The debt continued to multiply and the county scrip depreciated to forty cents on the dollar. It was imperative that something should be done before the county became bankrupt. A funding bill was proposed and advocated by a majority of the tax payers of Lincoln county as a means to check the depreciation of the county's paper and place her finances on some firm basis. This was urged upon Mr. Easton as a proper measure to pass, aside from any personal animosities existing between him and DeLaney. It would have undoubtedly become an act of the Legislature had DeLaney never impregnated the air of New Mexico with his unsavory breath.

Thus far the record is sure. DeLaney was engaged with others in some very questionable transactions whereby they procured about \$15,000 worth of this county scrip.

When the bill for funding the county indebtedness was discussed Mr. Easton doubted the propriety of including this scrip. This coming to the knowledge of DeLaney he began to squirm. He acknowledged in his confession that his agent at Santa Fe notified him that Easton had scruples in regard to including these same warrants. He then gave instructions to offer \$250, and as the case grew more desperate he raised it to \$500; finally he made it \$750, but might have gone up to \$1,000 perhaps if in the meantime the bill had not come up, and Mr. Easton, after carefully investigating the matter and finding that a majority of them had been purchased in good faith, embodied them in the original draft and the bill passed.

As to who received the money, or whether any ever passed, yet remains in doubt, as we only have the statement of the party who stands a confessed criminal, and that should be taken with due allowance. Certain it is, however, in all the correspondence published, there is not a word from Mr. Easton.

It is therefore, from their own evidence, wholly a one-sided conspiracy, and the "wool" that has caused all this crying is what they are trying to pull over the eyes of a few deluded voters who can always be counted on to do the bidding of this kind of reformer. The record is still clear.

Pat Garrett is now playing tail while Boss Lea plays comet. It is a game that only two can play at, so the little stars in this part of the political horizon have to go off in one corner and play solitaire all by themselves.

A SWEET-SCENTED CANDIDATE.

To Deodorize a Bad Smelling Ticket.

The Assasin of Magdalena Canon the Ideal Representative of the Dry-Washers.

A Brief Outline of the Bloody Deed and a Sketch of the Assasin.

The reformers of Dona Ana county met in conclave last week at Mesilla and after adopting a set of mixed truisms that might suit any party or political body, as a platform, proceeded to vindicate the Pecos Statesman and Vera Cruz politician, and further braced up a waning cause by putting the names of Whitehill and Ygnacio Orrantio on the ticket. The Rio Grande Republican pays his respects to the latter gentleman in the following very forcible way:

About eighteen years ago, a certain man, who was then a Justice of the Peace at Mesilla, sent out a posse of men to exterminate a family of American immigrants, who had recently settled at Magdalena Canon. His orders were to kill and spare not; neither sex nor age were to excite pity in the hearts of his murderous gang. The aged grandfather, the delicate women, the helpless children, all were to be assassinated. That suspicion might not attach to the perpetrators of the heinous crime, their instigator directed them to disguise themselves as Indians.

The plan was executed with an accuracy and dispatch that would have gladdened the heart of Lucifer. When the morning's sun arose, it looked down upon a spot, that but yesterday was a happy home, but where now the smoking ruins formed the tomb of an entire family.

But though the unhappy victims of his crime were no more, its memory was imperishable. Before the next election, when this murderer came to have his name registered as a voter, a man said to him: "Assassin of the Magdalena canon! Go to hell, where your name is registered! Go, and vote there!"

Disowned by the good men of this county, avoided by his former associates, and tortured by the pangs of his guilty conscience, he fled to Asencion in Mexico, hoping that amid strangers his crime would not follow him. But even there, the tidings of his bloody deed sought him out, and he was expelled from his new home. He returned to Dona Ana county, only to find fresh torments in the universal detestation that awaited him. From that day to this he has been branded with the mark of Cain, until as a fitting reward for his crimes, he was on last Saturday, made the nominee of the Mesilla convention, for the office of Representative.

That man is Ygnacio Orrantio! What a pity the murderer of the Nesmith family is not known, that the detestable pair might jointly solicit the votes of the people of this county! Why is "Billy the Kid" not alive, that he also might seek high honors! But we believe that the good citizens of this county, will punish such effrontery by an overwhelming defeat at the polls, and that they will decide by their ballots, that crime, even though it remain for a long time unpunished, will at last meet with retributive justice at the High Court of the Ballot Box. The name of Orrantio would kill a ticket otherwise composed of archangels.

And yet the high-toned moral pressure organ of Lincoln county associates the names of respectable citizens on the same ticket with this fellow. Truly this New Process movement makes strange partners.

Mr. Dan Froitze has reason to feel highly pleased over the result of the "Short-horn Convention." Dan was a candidate for the office of Recorder, but he didn't suit Bull and Fountain, and of course was shelved. The "old man" had to provide for "Charley." Well, Dan can congratulate himself on not being on the same ticket with the "Assassin of Magdalena Canon."—Rio Grande Republican.

The Golden Era comes out with a weak defence of Pat Garrett's attack on W. M. Roberts. It says that Mr. Roberts spoke disparagingly of Mr. Garrett's wife, which is a lie of whole cloth; and that Roberts said to Garrett that "if he said Roberts wrote that letter, he lied," which may have been true as Roberts did not write the letter. This is all the justification that can be shown, and we leave it to the public if this will excuse an outrageous and brutal attack on an unoffending man.—Rio Grande Republican.

Ben Ellis' hotel is headquarters for the boys from all sections.

Valencia county is one of the largest in the Territory, and yet it has neither a school-house nor a paper.

What has become of the Proboscis end of the machine? Just what we should like to know is what Lawton (E) nose about running a newspaper.

The Leader office was this week raided by the two Johns, Poe and Walters. The call was in every respect a very pleasant one, and we are glad to know that our opponents are taking things so good naturally.

A report reaches us, from the lower country, that Pat Garrett found Ash Upson, his amanuensis, down on Seven Rivers working for the regular ticket and brought him up to his home and row has to picket him out of nights in order to use him when required.

Thus far we have heard of but two men in the White Oaks Precinct who are willing to clothe themselves in royal canvas ducking and sit as bossarbitrator of the fate of evil doers for the next two years. They are Messrs. A. A. Barnes and W. F. Blanchard. The Leader has no preferences.

We feel it the bounden duty of the Leader as a just and liberal exponent of public sentiment, to contradict the statement that the Pecos statesman and author, through proxy, of the celebrated dime novel entitled "The Life of Billy the Kid," wears a No. 4 1/2 hat. His friends claim that he carries the vote of Lincoln county around in his hat and the Leader does not think it possible for a hat of that size to hold it.

A report comes to us, through sources that we consider reliable, that Smith Lea, one of Pat Garrett's lieutenants, and the one who collected about all the surplus cash of our people in the way of taxes to keep up the running expenses of the county, has pocketed the cash and turned in depreciated county warrants in its stead, thereby, in addition to his pay for collecting, making an additional bonus of from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. We feel it a duty we owe our patrons and the whole people of Lincoln county to lift this matter thoroughly and we mean to do it. If Mr. Lea or his chief Pat are guiltless of this grave charge they will find no one so ready as the Leader to publish the fact to the world.

DOWLIN'S MILLS.

Good Merchantable Flour

\$4.50 per Cwt.

Ruidoso, N. M.

To Coal Consumers:

15 We have suspended work for a few days at our mine, and there will be no coal offered for sale before the 1st of November. The business of the firm will be attended to in the meantime, by Mr. Benj. F. Henry, who can be found at the LEADER Office.

WILLIAMS BROS. & CO.

White Oaks, Oct. 21, 1892.

TOM C. WILLIAMS,

Of Williams Brothers & Co.

Mining Contractor

WHITE OAKS, N. M.,

Has had Experience in both America and Europe.

Will furnish Estimates, take Contracts and Guarantee Satisfaction.

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WHITE OAKS, NEW MEXICO.

L. M. CLEMENTS,

Attorney at Law

LINCOLN, N. M.

Special attention given to the collection of claims for non-residents and to mining litigation.

Messrs. Carron & Thornton, of Santa Fe, are associated with me in all business in the District courts.